HOW TO SUFFOCATE THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE... By Jacques Barzun

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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THE SKIN OF WHOSE TEETH?: PART II
Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson

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ALICE-LEONE MOATS, the photogenic foreign correspondent and author of "Blind Date with Mars" . . . (See page 8)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

How to Suffocate the English Language

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair is Now Occupied by the Junkman

JACQUES BARZUN

LIKE five million other people I spend part of each day in a New York bus, and some of that time my eyes rest on the sign:

PLEASE REFRAIN FROM CONVERSATION WITH OPERATOR WHILE BUS IS IN MOTION

After some years of dumb staring, it has come over me that this foreign-language text means "Please do not talk to the driver between stops." But this knowledge does not make me sure that I shall ever understand that other sign, found in every shop, which reads: "Illumination is required to be extinguished before these premises are closed to business." Before it, I find I have only one thought: "WHOM is speaking?"

These public displays of literary ineptitude are not alarming in themselves. It is, as everyone knows, very hard to write even passably well, and the writing of inscriptions is the hardest genre of all. Consequently it is not faults of style as such that deserve comment, but the kind of fault. It so happens that in both the quoted examples, as well as in hundreds of others that strike the eye, and indeed in thousands of new speech forms that fall upon the ear, the fault is the same. It is love of the long word, circumlocution, flossiness, and pedantry.

The latest coinage that has come to my notice is *"definitize."* I can still remember what it means; it means "make definite." But I predict that if it takes hold, it will soon become a quasi-meaningless word-of-all work. In the original context the proper word would have been "settle" or "decide": "Kindly definitize as to [why *as to?*] whether you will accept our suggestion of, etc." But very soon that same word will mean any of the following: inform, notify, choose, clinch ("is that business definitized yet?") discuss, arrange, conclude—and a dozen other ideas vaguely connected with these.

Not long ago the word-of-all-work was "clarify." Everybody was asking everybody else to clarify, or offering to do it. Such things as questions, answers, explanations, statements of policy, or corrections, went out of use. It was all clarification and the joke of it was that in almost every instance the word was ambiguous. When the President of Harvard, for example, said that the Deans of Medical Schools should clarify their requirements, it was not clear whether these gentlemen were to put order into their own heads or into those of others.

IT is an accepted notion that the motive of vague, equivocal, and high-falutin language is either political or commercial. Verbiage, in short, is intended to dazzle and deceive. But this explanation fits only a part of the evidence. It will not account for *clarify* and *definitize.* Moreover it is an historical fact that during the last twenty-five years nearly everyone outside the criminal classes has been debasing the verbal currency with false issue of high denomination. And the counterfeiter's unmistakable mark has been the pseudo-educated ring of the coinage. Who, for instance, launched "basal" to compete with "basic?" Some of the so-called educators who teach

teachers to teach. They were not content with a basic course or a basic text. That was a good many years ago, but example works better than precept, and we now find that it has influenced the officials who drew up the forms for the rationing of gasoline. If you want more than your [basal] allowance, you must apply for a *supplemental.*

Once upon a time American speech was known for its racy, colloquial creations—barnstorm, boom, boost, bulldoze, pan out, splurge, and so on. Now it is the flaccid polysyllable that expresses the country's mind. Pioneer has yielded to pedant, and one begins to wonder whether the German word-order had better not be adopted to complete the system. True enough, when newspapermen were paid by the line, it was natural and even intelligent to use polysyllables, and we find Lowell making fun, in the "Biglow Papers," of fires that were "conflagrations" and events that were "singular circumstances." Nowadays the excuse and the reason no longer hold. It is pure snobbery that breeds neglect of the simple words and impure education that creates the substitutes.

The abuse, incidentally, is not confined to American speech. English and French have been suffering from it too. In England, Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., has formed a club to combat the evil and you can read about it in his witty and depressing compendium, "What a Word!" In France, André Thérive has been waging the same war in the daily press, and the best of his columns have been collected under the title "Querelles de Langage." It, too, is a depressing collection, for French has long had the reputation of being a difficult tongue to tamper with. It was thought simple and direct. Now you can find a reputable sociologist discussing in print (I translate literally) "the social outcasts who practise a prostitutional existence."

The context in all these cases makes it clear that the writers are educated.

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I beg your pardon, I mean semi-educated: here or abroad they have had a college course and they can spell better than Shakespeare and Milton. But what is semi-education? I do not know. But it so happens that I can point to a recent work which strikes me as the embodiment of the semi-educated outlook upon life and language. I refer to Mr. Eric Partridge's "Usage and Abusage."

As its title suggests, this is a work, in dictionary form, that professes to teach the right and wrong use of English to people who do not know it. The author, well-known for his great "Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English," should be able—one would have thought—to tell us the proper ways of conventional words. But something in his training or temperament perverts his praiseworthy intention and makes his advice downright dangerous. Already in his "Dictionary of Clichés," published two years ago, he had utterly confused idioms with clichés, and now he mixes every kind of true and false rule concerning speech with prejudice and obtuseness. He has learned, for instance, that "while" is frequently misused for "whereas," so every "while" becomes suspect. In quoting an English writer who says "I can but suggest that while the form is logical, it is awkward" Mr. Partridge interposes the "whereas" that he has been keeping up his sleeve and he asks us to read: "I can but suggest that whereas this form is logical, it is awkward."

IN column after column, this kind of pedantic nonsense parades as superior knowledge. Mr. Partridge has moreover the lightness of heart to patronize Dr. Johnson, as if Johnsonian prose were uniformly pompous and contemptible; he has the audacity to pat Fowler on the shoulder and tell us that this writer is "not sufficiently appreciated"; and—this will, I know, arouse the readers of *The Saturday Review*—he has the bad judgment to take so many of his examples from detective stories as to convey the impression that they are worse written than other kinds.

I should add before saying more about the schoolmarmish mind of Mr. Partridge, that Professor Cabell Greet, of Barnard College, has added to the American edition of this monstrous work some notes which help to counteract its evil effect. But obviously Mr. Greet could not annotate every article, nor show by a steady stream of direct contradiction what he thought of his English colleague. Perhaps the clearest sign of the temper I am attacking is given in Mr. Partridge's comment on *"ain't"*: ". . . for *isn't* . . . is an error so illiterate that I blush to record it." There lies the whole trouble; or at any rate the whole difference between Mr. Partridge and me. I find "ain't" not only harmless but choice, expressive, sturdy, refined, beautiful, and elevating compared to some of the horrors that Mr. Partridge recommends and produces. He calls a book "sex-filled," he speaks of a "sad decline," considers someone "riotously happy," reproves another, "sadly and sternly," and suggests to a third "the solution of the stylistic crux." Throughout he waxes merry over those whom he pretends to correct. The book is full of ironic (!)s and (?)s. Writers' faults are introduced with elaborate minuetting, "in such and such a book I came upon the curious information that, etc." Consequently, when he has done crowing over the misuses of "between," it is a delight to come upon his article *"Cacao, coca, cocoa, coco(nut):* Confusion is common between these."

A SLIP of this kind would be forgivable if one felt that in some one respect the author had dignity and sense. This makes me conclude that perhaps semi-education is simply an education, long or short, which, like the druggist's strong solutions, has been "for external use only." It has struck one, but none of it has been taken in and assimilated; none of it has gone into the formation of judgment: there is not a particle in this book. The author is a blind man who would lead the seeing. He cannot distinguish between the right and wrong kinds of "and which" clauses unprepared by a previous "which," even though Fowler explains the difference. He has a fantastic hope that we shall all reverse our habits and instead of saying "the man who, etc." shall say, *"that* man who says such things is not fit, etc." He uses bastard forms like "précis'd" for "outlined" or "synopsized." He wants us to give up saying "no use in" and "try and." He is bothered by ambiguities where none exist, as in "He died only yesterday," and "an excellent woman's college." He shows off by quoting French which he goes on to misinterpret (see *First Two*). Then with sudden conciseness he gives out this mysterious advice: "the plural of *base* is *bases,* the plural of *basis* is *bases.*" But perhaps the choicest bit of ignorant fussiness is the shortest and the least likely to be caught up. It reads: "T.B., better Tb."—as if T.B. stood for the single word TuBerculosis. Shades of Fowler and Dr. Johnson! The lexicographer's easy chair has fallen into the hands of the junkman. When shall we, amateurs in usage, have as indemnification for this imposture and as antidote to ubiquitous jargon H. L. Mencken's projected sequel to "The American Language?"

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The Majesty of Yeats

LIFE OF W. B. YEATS. By Joseph Hone. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 535 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS once declared that Wordsworth was a great humbug. If Wordsworth could read this life of the Irish poet he would have ample evidence, therefrom, for declaring that Yeats was a great humbug. What a case he could build up from this parading poet, long bows and long hair, from the skulkings in the candle-gloom of Woburn Buildings, the claptrap of astrology and necromancy, the intonings in the Celtic twilight, the cossetted poet with financially opportune ladies, the Irish rebel in receipt of the British pension, the wobbly rhythms and bad rhymes, the poverty of thought in the plenitude of music. And how strangely Wordsworthian the sunset—famed, prosperous, secure, with doctorates and Nobel prizes, and financial settlements from American admirers—handfuls of ribbons. But for all this Wordsworth would be wrong, as wrong as Yeats was concerning Wordsworth, to whose stature he nowhere attained.

Mr. Joseph Hone has written an excellent book with the most baffling material. His admiration of the poet never clouds his judgment, he keeps a firm step amid the encircling gloom, and nowhere permits his subject to descend to the trivial. Even the shade of Ezra Pound, that might have supplied the comic relief in less conscientious hands, is a discreet shade, susserating in Sussex, with no presage of that ranting in Rome. Perhaps the finest portrait of all, emerging from this detailed life, is that of Lady Gregory, whose heart and home gave to Yeats the homage and comfort required by this very practical poet.

William Butler Yeats emerged from a family of near-genius. Again and again the father dominates the scene, as he dominated the early life of the poet. Artist, author, philosopher, in old age phenomenally young—it was characteristic that he insisted upon dying in the New World—he basked in the fame of his sons but never lost the bright singularity of his own character. "To be with him was to be caught up into a web of delicious visionary hopefulness," said the son. Of himself, J. B. Yeats said—"I have no worries except the abiding ones about my work and want of money, and absence from a quiet home of peace and happiness."

On this strong current of life young Willie was launched. As a boy he had no knowledge of Nationalists and Catholics, but in Dublin the course of his life was set, in early youth. He became definitely a Nationalist "and henceforth never thought of the English—even if there were times when he preferred to live among them—as anything but foreigners." But, as has happened with so many of his countrymen, he had no hesitation in exploiting the foreigners. When fame made him the social lion of London he trod the tightrope deftly amid the execration of violent partisans. It was not lack of courage, or conviction, but that, as an artist, who made himself the figurehead of the whole Irish renaissance, he was not prepared to sacrifice either of his publics. If his heart beat in Gaelic, his mouth sang in English, and the stout battle he waged on the stage of the Abbey Theatre brought victories he liked to celebrate.

Mr. Hone is blessed with one essential of a poet's biography. Some Maurois of the future may find another "Ariel" in the story of Yeats's long and futile pursuit of Maud Gonne, the lovely rebel. The flame died at long last, and always a certain political prudence had warned him. In the closing years he had refused to excite himself about Partition and had declared "that he had found the inhabitants of the lost province of Ulster so disagreeable that he hoped they would never reunite with the rest of Ireland." With poetic inconstancy he transferred his passion from the mother to the daughter, and, this failing, decided to fall back on a former plan of marrying another lady who had been fond for him, after Lady Gregory had advanced with a succession of ladies with means and looks. A liaison at forty-five had so alarmed the poet's feminine bodyguard that marriage at fifty-two, if not touched with romance, seemed full of security. It was a success.

There is one reminiscence here, of the poet's speaking voice, that will arouse doubt and dismay. Sir Ian Hamilton once heard Yeats read to a bevy of adoring beauties in a wood of bluebells, a scene that Gilbert might have used in "Patience," so near was it to the ridiculous. Years later Sir Ian was again reminded of the voice of the poet. It was recalled, in 1938, when he listened to "a nervy voice running up and down the gamut of the emotional scales—laughter, sorrow, pity." The voice was Hitler's.

Yeats's lifelong industry was astonishing. He lived a life of ceaseless individual activity. He was making corrections up to the eve of his death, at Cap Martin, in January 1939. The director of the Abbey Theatre, the Senator, the student of the occult, and the lion of the salons, never seemed to

W. B. Yeats was the seer, struggling with cabalistic signs.

frustrate the man of vision walking on air that was always tremulous with the linnet's wings. He was, from the first, fortunate in the people whom he inspired with faith in him. What poet, in all history, ever found two women like Lady Gregory and Miss Horniman? "I do this," wrote the latter, in guaranteeing his publisher £1500 for a collected edition of his works, "to enforce your status, or rather to show people, especially your twittering imitators in Ireland, what your real status is." A measure of his greatness is shown in the fact that with all the favors he accepted he remained free. His enthusiasm was not always well placed, nor his judgment sound. Ezra Pound introduced him to the Noh drama of Japan. He almost gave it a vogue, though Queen Alevandra once sent an equerry to stop him talking on it in public, he became such a bore. He took up Rabindranath Tagore and imposed him as a great poet on a bewildered public that became incapable of judging where verse ended and worse began. But with all this he was the seer, struggling with cabalistic signs. His poetry, said the *Spectator*, lacked plan. The poet never lacked plan, and he could be a man of iron in defence of his faith.

We shall not look upon his like again, we shall not hear such elfin music, the faith and the creed are missing. For while *poeta nascitur non fit* may sustain our hopes, the speed of a gregarious age is against the majestic, solitary tread of the poet. Many societies, profuse with their laurels, will deck the jostling brows, but it may be with the passing of Yeats we have looked our last on one who "on honey-dew has fed."

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Text for a Tenth Anniversary

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

You heard that ghost voice, Goering, after the bombs
Had stopped falling. Goebbels read for the Leader
His execration of "International Jewry,"
His talk of God and the Greater German Reich . . .
And then he told you every individual
And nation would be weighed within the balance . . .
Yes. It reminds me of an old, old story:

BELSHAZZAR the King gave a glittering feast
For a thousand lords from West and East,
Of peacock, pheasant, and boar and swine;
Golden wine for each concubine;
Swordsmen ranked and armored and grim;
And a golden canopy over him
In the huge high hall where his lions ran
Each with a beard and a face like a man.
He lolled and rolled in his tufted chair
While a myriad perfumes filled the air;
He called for the cups of silver and gold
That his sire had seized in Israel's hold,
That his furious sire—doom in his nod—
Had wrenched from the shrine of the House of God
When Solomon's temple roared to the night,
Its Holy of Holies with flames all bright,
As Nebuchadnezzar in raging ire
Razed great Jerusalem by fire . . .

So the vessels of the Inner Shrine
Were filled with pollutions of his wine
For the gorgeous lords who lolled to dine;
Golden wine for each concubine!
Such deeds had this Belshazzar done,
So glorious was his Babylon,
So great his roads, canals, and drains,
Such slaves he had who toiled in chains,
So rich the yield of field and vine!

In that same hour came forth a sign.
In that same hour, in that gloating land,
Came forth the fingers of a hand
In the light of candles branched in seven
Where the golden Candlesticks of Heaven
From the Tabernacle of the Jews
Glazed with their light all gorgeous hues.
And high in the golden candleshine
That burnished armor and gemmed the wine,
Higher than the Nubian guards stood tall,
Moved the writing hand on the palace wall.
Above those blazing shields and spears
The hand moved writing *(As down the years—*
More than twice a thousand years—
In God's good time it reappears
To a heart of lies and a mind deranged!)

The king's fierce countenance was changed.
Tensed were his limbs that sprawled at ease,
Smote together his armored knees.
Staggering up 'mid the scimitars,
"Bring the Chaldeans who know the stars!"
Roared Belshazzar. "Bring here the Wise!
Hot irons for their rheumy eyes
An' they construe not this monstrous thing!
But whosoever," stormed on the King,
"Shall read this writing, showing to me
Its inmost meaning, he shall be
Clothed in full scarlet without fleck,
With a chain of gold about his neck,
To rule and reign for many a sun
Third in the Kingdom of Babylon!"

The soothsayers, in their robes of pride,
With the Star Men came. And the Star Men died.

Then breathless at the door was seen
A form like the moon, of a regal mien.

"Oh King, live forever!" breathed the Queen.
"Nor let thy frenzy trouble thee.
A slave thou hast, knows what shall be!
An Israelite, withouten spells,
In whom the gods' own wisdom dwells;
He shall read thee what is writ, Belshazzar,
He whom thy sire, Nebuchadnezzar,
Made of all sayers of sooth the chief!"

Her vesture rustling like a leaf,
Her voice a silver clarion-call,
She cried the Captain down the Hall
"Bring hither Daniel!" And dark and slim
Daniel, his servant, came to him;
Formal profound obeisance gave.

"Art thou that Daniel late a slave
Of the Children of Captivity,
That, out of Jewry, came to be
Chief of the Wise? I have heard of thee.
Read thou this writing on the wall,
And of that I promised, thou shalt have all!"

"No," said Daniel. "Yet will I read
The fiery script. Do thou take heed!

"Thy father, Nebuchadnezzar trod
In glory before the most high God,
Glory and majesty day and night
On his shoulders perched, like eagles of light;
The thunder of Heaven was in his beard;
All men trembled; nations feared—
Whom would he curse? Whom would he wive?
Whom would he slay? whom keep alive?
Whom set up, and whom put down—
In the lightning-dazzle of his crown?

"His mind was hardened in its pride.

"His throne dissolved. His glory died.
He became without the strength to stand,
In the closing and opening of God's hand.
He was driven forth from the sons of men
His heart was wholly a beast's heart then;
As an ox of the field he fed on grass;
Drenched by strange dews his body was;
He fell and crawled on his knees and hands
And wrenched at roots—who had ruled all lands.

"Thou, Belshazzar, art his son!

"Great Ruler, being such an one,
The vessels of the House of God
Were filled with wine at thy curt nod.
Thy lords and their ladies have drunk the same:
Israel's blood in defeat and shame.
Thou hast exalted in gold and brass
Gods that shall make thy kingdom pass—
For they see not, neither hear nor know.
But the God of thy Breath thou hast let go,
Cursed and reviled.
Thus the writing stands:
MENE: God hath numbered thy lands,
Decreeing thy kingdom shall pass away.
TEKEL: As in the scales they weigh
Grain, art thou weighed, and wanting found.
PERES: Thy kingdom—all its ground—
The Medes and the Persians shall divide!"

Then shook Belshazzar, for all his pride.
Daniel they clothed in a scarlet gown.
A chain of gold from his neck hung down.
The trumpets blew for the Third to reign.

In the dark of that night was Belshazzar slain.
Doom stopped his breath—as he had not planned.

Darius the Median took the land.

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Germans as People and Prussians

LISTEN, HANS. By Dorothy Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1942. 292 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

DOROTHY THOMPSON is an American woman whose opinion is respected in every European nation. This is a distinction more unique than might at first be thought. There are not many Americans who command unstinted respect abroad as persons who understand the people of Europe. Generally speaking, we are considered superficial, sensational, and snobbish, content to observe surface manifestations of national character and draw from these some general conclusion. Isolationism and American tourists have left the impression among Europeans that we are scarcely worthy of more intimate confidences.

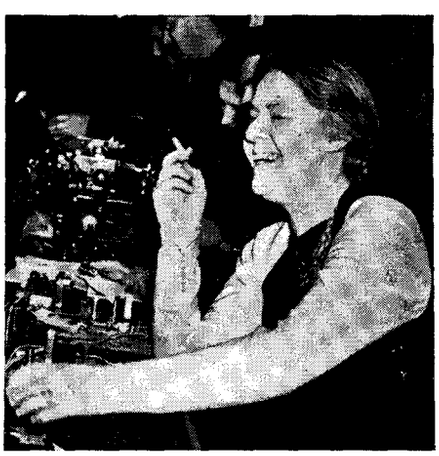
Miss Thompson in particular knows Germany and the Germans, and she knows them well enough to retain, despite the perversion of Germany under Nazism, her belief in many Germans as persons of good will. Moreover, she has the courage to say this in the midst of war and a growing clamor of many Americans for blind hatred of all Germans, regardless of whatever qualities they may possess which we might use when the war is over and the construction of a lasting peace begins. Again, there are not many Americans of whom this can be said, for it takes —besides courage—a kind of objectivity and long-range vision which most of us conspicuously lack when it comes to talking about European affairs.

"Listen, Hans" is a textbook on psychological warfare as it should be applied to Germany, but it is also the most careful study of the Germans which this country has yet had the good fortune to receive. Dorothy Thompson knows what many Americans have not yet realized: that this is a people's war, and that the people will eventually decide it. In her book she writes about people and speaks to people—directly, to the people of Germany, but indirectly to the American people, who would do well to listen to her words.

In one of her broadcasts to her friend in Germany, she strikes a keynote:

> What concerns me is not governments nor the machinations of international cartels. What concerns me is people—suffering, misled, miserable people. I know that these people are the same all over the world and that they want the same things. They want to live in their own countries in their own way and have something to say about the way they are governed. They want to eat three meals a day, that taste good. They want to have children and keep those children around them, and be able to tell those children what they have learned from life. They want to be able to speak without wondering whether they are speaking to a spy. They want to stop having to go to war every twenty years; and if in the world we live in, with its immense possibilities of production and the exchange of goods, tremendously augmented by science—if in this world we cannot achieve this, why let's give it back to the ants. These are my peace aims—and yours.

Why cannot we all see the war in these clear and simple terms? We sit and argue and theorize about the German people; we drag in history, heredity, ideology, literature, Freudian deductions from psychological phenomena to prove one thing or another—that the Germans are not to be trusted, that they can be trusted but must be watched, that they are hypnotized and a lot of things more. We who are fighting a war for freedom and brotherhood build higher the barriers of hate and ignorance which are the only architecture of the Nazis, ignoring the great, fundamental bond between the peoples of the earth—the simple bond of common human thoughts and feelings about life—home, government, food, children and a modicum of happiness. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are a foundation of our life at home; yet, once we turn our eyes away from our own shores we obscure these simple principles with a myriad of complex theories which none of us can really understand, since they have no real basis in the roots of life but are gigantic miscreations of minds which could be put to better tasks.



This photograph of Dorothy Thompson was taken at the now-famous, pre-war meeting of the German-American Bund in New York City, when she disrupted the meeting by laughing openly at the speakers.

How many of us have tried to picture to ourselves what life in Germany is like? "A normal life to an American," says Dorothy Thompson, "is a pre-war life. But there has been no normal life for Germans since 1914, since when there has been nothing but defeat, revolution, reoccupation, drastic inflation, feverish artificial boom on the basis of foreign loans, depression, revolution and war. That is the history of this generation of Germans. . . . The German adult has never once lived under a government he liked or that succeeded. The Kaiserreich fell; the Republic was weak; the Hitler Reich took him to war. Hitler's propaganda has made him doubt whether any other governments are much better."

Yet we wonder what is wrong with the German people. We wonder how they, who have risen to such cultural heights of glory with their Bachs and Beethovens, their Schillers, Goethes, and Heines, can at the same time descend to such levels of barbarism as they exhibit under Nazism. We cite a succession of wars throughout the history of Germany to prove that Germans are hereditary militarists and aggressors, but do not stop to think of the deep reasons that impelled those wars, the same longings that prompted the music and the poetry which stirred the world. "In the German mind," says Miss Thompson, "is every cleavage of European history, and those cleavages have never yet been resolved. . . . The history of Germany is the history of a people who became a national state centuries after Britain and France had found their characteristic national forms. . . . That part of the German people unified in the Reich have lived one common national and cultural life for less than half the length of history of the American Constitution." Yet for centuries Germans have been striving for—and always have been stopped short of—the unity which other nations have enjoyed. The confusion and contradictions of their history have produced, as Miss Thompson says, "morbid frustration and despair."

Is this beyond understanding? Is this not the key to the solution of the German problem? We speak—we who fought a Civil War for our unity—of the danger of preserving Germany as a united nation after the war. Yet: "The history of Germany . . . has been a history of coalescence . . . of movement away from particularism toward national unity . . . never furthered by aristocratic, dynastic, reactionary, or caste interests, but by the deepest popular trends in the German masses." We Americans, whose blood consecrates the idea of unity, should be the first to understand this—yet we are in the front ranks of those who demand German dismemberment after the war.

Here is a realistic attitude toward the question: "The world is sick and tired of German wars that are appar-

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ently fought by Germany partly for the purpose of determining through them what the German destiny may be. The German mind is contradictory, despairing, and tragic, but we are all heartily sick of suffering with her. If the German mind cannot make itself up, then we must make it up for her, by force. . . . But we should never despair of German aid in achieving that clarity." And we should remember that "Germans who would gladly see Hitler perish and Europe live freely will fight to the last drop of blood for German unity. The fear of dismemberment . . . constitutes Hitler's greatest psychological asset today."

Americans must change their thinking about Europe if the United States is to play with dignity and responsibility its part in the postwar world. Our traditional isolationism has not equipped us well for this task. But the difficulties of readjustment are not half as great as we think. Dorothy Thompson found the formula: she looked at the Germans as people. Germans came to this country to find the freedom and unity which they could not create at home; they fought here and died here for those ideals. In America they have not proved themselves militarists and aggressors. If we think of what our nation would be had the United States never found unity, we should be able to understand.

Not Peace But a Distaff

BLIND DATE WITH MARS. By Alice-Leone Moats. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 486 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EMIL LENGYEL

IN the mid-summer of 1940 Alice-Leone Moats was commissioned by the editors of *Collier's* to write articles for them from the Soviet Union. Since it took many months for Moscow to issue her visa, she was to see a large section of the Far East. First she visited Japan and observed the island-empire in the paroxysm of the super-nationalist exaltation that led to Pearl Harbor. From Tokyo she made her way to French Indo-China, which was soon to become Japanese territory in all but name. Singapore was the next stop in her Far-Eastern odyssey, and there she noticed some of the reasons that accounted for the tragedy of a supposedly impregnable naval base.

From Singapore Miss Moats turned northward and joined a convoy of trucks that reached China via the Burma Road. She spent some time in the capital of Free China, Chungking, and there had her first taste of being bombed.

Finally, the Soviet visa reached her and she now flew westward, skirting the great Gobi desert of Mongolia, following the ancient route of silk and tea. She saw enough of Chinese Turkestan to confirm the widely held belief that the Soviets were there in actual control. It was at Soviet Central Asia's Alma Ata that Miss Moats first touched Russian soil.

The bulk of the book is a record of what Miss Moats saw in Russia. She reached Moscow just in time to see it under pre-war conditions. The Ambassadors of Germany and Italy opened their hearts to her and she learned about the impending invasion days befort it actually occurred. Either the Axis diplomats were indiscreet or they were instruments of Hitler's war of nerves.

Miss Moats is frank in her condemnation of the Soviet way of life. Just because she is such an unfriendly critic, her testimony about Russia at war is of great value. More than any other eye-witness, she makes it clear why the Russians are beating the Germans. She saw the women of Russia seizing German incendiary bombs with bare hands and flinging them out of harm's way. Because of innumerable acts of unrecorded heroism, Moscow has suffered comparatively little material damage in this war.

She also saw many heroes of the heroes, the guerrilla fighters, men, women, and children, operating behind the enemy lines, sneaking across the front, reporting to Soviet headquarters. These partisans knew that if they were captured theirs would not be the honorable custody of war prisoners, but the noose of criminals and spies. It was while dodging the bombs in Moscow that Miss Moats discovered the greatness of the Russian people and while she never learned to like their smell, she learned to admire their spirit.

This drawing by Arthur Szyk was inspired by the murder of Lidice.

Leaving the Soviet Union, Miss Moats made her way to the Middle East, digging in for what then appeared to be an impending Axis onslaught. From there she reached North Africa, and the great bulge of West Africa, where she took the flying-boat that deposited her on this side of the South Atlantic narrows. Thus ended an eventful trip around the world.

This book is not the diary of a magazine writer. The author made no attempt to get in touch with the top people in the countries she visited. Nor is this merely the record of the little people in and on the verge of war. This book has a special flavor because it is the story of Miss Moats and the universe, and it is an exhilarating combination.

The picture of the author on the jacket of the book reveals some delightfully photogenic features. In this case it is not irrelevant to know that the author is both young and pretty, because this book is full of youth's defiance of conventions and the arrogance of beauty.

Witty, sophisticated lady authors are in great vogue now that Clare Booth Luce has skyrocketed to phenomenal fame. But Miss Moats is not "catty." She is a wildcat! Almost from the first page of her book she carries on a feud with America's former Ambassador to Moscow, Laurence Steinhardt, and that battle royal is etched so deeply and with such a verisimilitude of life that the book is worth reading for that reason alone. For Miss Moats it was a real fight, but she is too great an artist not to know that venom kills the printed word. Her printed words remain very much alive.

Few people could imitate Miss Moats in blending her most purely personal experiences with a recording of world history. The result is simply irresistible, probably because she has a sharply chiseled personality and also because she is an artist of the expressive word. In other words, this book is one of those "naturals" that happens only once in a great while.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 463)

WILLIAM S. GILBERT:
PRINCESS IDA

If you'd cross the Helicon
You should read Anacreon,
Ovid's Metamorphoses,
Likewise Aristophanes,
And the works of Juvenal;
These are worth attention all;
But, if you will be advised,
You will get them Bowdlerized.

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Nazi Economic Warfare

GERMANY'S MASTER PLAN: The Story of Industrial Offensive. By Joseph Borkin and Charles A. Welsh. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 339 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

"THE trade cartel, let it be said at the start, has bred hardly anything in this century except slums at home and disasters abroad. . . . The world of 1942 is its complete indictment." With this accusation *Fortune Magazine* began an article whose objective it was to shed light on the maze of international cartel systems which—with the United States a party—had balcanized world production and trade. The title of the article was "No Peace with I. G. Farben." This slogan describes perfectly the purpose of a book which aims at exploring the geopolitics of Germany's truly secret weapon: the international cartel under German domination.

How did it happen, how could it happen here? A feudal German industry, like a Phoenix arising from the ashes of 1918, succeeded in drawing the industrialists in the democracies and their organizations into their cartel and patent net. The industrial managers of the victor nations became the junior, and only too often the juvenile, partners of the super-organizations of a defeated Germany. The German cartel Geopolitikers prepared for "The Day."

In spite of the investigations of the Bone, Murray, and Truman committees the American public has still but a vague conception of the business deals with the Axis lasting until shortly before Pearl Harbor, of the almost fatal blunders hampering the production of synthetic oil, synthetic rubber, steel, and aluminum. The American people have a right to know and a duty to learn. This book will serve as an eye-opener.

The authors of "Germany's Master Plan" are well equipped to tell the story of one of the most dangerous pincer movements in the German drive for world conquest. They have learned the facts not from books but on the stage of the Washington war theatre. Joseph Borkin has been for many years Economic Adviser to the Antitrust Division, Department of Justice, particularly in relation to foreign international cartels. Charles A. Welsh is a cartel expert for the Office of Price Administration. Thurman Arnold has written an introduction to the book in which he calls it " a brilliant and arresting exposition of the result of the disease of cartellization." It is, in Arnold's words, the story of international cartels to whom "we owe the peace of Munich," and of our own cartels to whom "we owe the failure to expand American industry prior to Pearl Harbor." The authors could have called their book "While America Slept." During this sleep, there took place, under German orders, the conscientious withdrawal of many American industries from efficiency, a withdrawal which has prolonged this war and for which thousands are paying with their lives.

Messrs. Borkin and Welsh paint a vivid picture of Hitler's economic victories in America. They take up one strategical raw material after the other, one industry after the other. And their findings lead always to the same conclusion: American industry perceived as little the global scheme of German economic warfare as the American nation understood the dark shadows of German political and military strategy—until it was almost too late. Whether it is synthetic oil or rubber, dyestuffs, plastics or drugs, steel alloys or precision optical goods, the secret but remorseless struggle for power between the industrial giants always ended with victory of the Germans over the cartels of the democracies. They were the "easy dupes" because they continued doing business as usual and doing business with Hitler, a long time after the centralized cartel organizations of Germany had become an integral part of the Nazi machine. "To Germany, cartel understandings were stimulants; to her enemies, they were opiates, lulling them into false delusions of peace and prosperity." "The weakness of democracy," conclude the authors, "lies not in the lack of planning, but in its tolerance of industrial oligarchy, the twin of Fascism."

—From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.

Fair Exchange

With this statement, the authors touch upon one of the most crucial problems democracy will have to solve in order to win the peace. Our managers of the private governments of international cartels have often failed to see their responsibilities towards the nation. The unrestricted use of monopoly powers has strangled trade, cut down production and jobs. It has threatened the very life of the nation. It is for this reason that Mr. Arnold is right in saying that such a book should be read by everyone interested in the economic future of America.

This book, however, must be read critically. It seems to be written in a hurry and the authors have overdone the journalistic approach. In their attempt to illuminate what they believe was an old master plan of German Junkers, industrialists, and generals, they have not avoided numerous overstatements and inaccuracies, particularly in their somewhat sketchy remarks on historical subjects. This and an often would-be picturesque verbiage (for instance, why do they constantly speak of Germany as the "sandbox" of Europe?) do not augment the value of the book. Also I feel that the authors have not always been very fortunate in the selection of their source material. They show a preference for sensational literature and, on the other hand, refrain from quoting certain publications which, like G. Reimann's "Patents for Hitler" (1942) and a number of articles in *Fortune Magazine* are more important than many of the books quoted in the bibliography. But the main criticism of this reviewer concerns the obvious attempt of the book to whitewash Standard Oil of its responsibility in having enabled I. G. Farben almost to strangle vital parts of America's industry. The issue cannot be explained by simply saying that American companies were decoyed into agreements, "the purpose of which they did not sense." "Our businessmen were peaceful traders, the enemy's businessmen were and are all over the world agents of aggression." Such appraisals shed no light on one of the darkest chapters of modern economic history.

It is only natural that a book that deals with the most controversial and complicated phases of economic warfare and geopolitical strategy asks for criticism and objection. The main thing, however, is that the authors have daringly attacked the cartel problem as one of the most crucial problems which must be solved if we hope to win a lasting peace. It is for this reason that I hope that many will read this book and take its lessons to heart.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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The Shadow of the Valley

INTO THE VALLEY. By John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1943. 138 *pp., with illustrations by Maj. Donald J. Dickson, U.S.M.C.* $2.

Reviewed by JOHN GOETTE

IF you would be heart and soul with those who are doing our job on Guadalcanal, here are the words you are waiting for. Hersey, twenty-eight year old correspondent, has seen the Guadalcanal valley at first hand. He tells his story in 138 pages. Further writing would have weighed down and broken the final web.

This book, which can and will be read at a single sitting, grips both mind and ear in descriptive flow of fact and language. The ridge above the Matanikau River becomes a living picture, as are the grassy heights clung to by the Marines, and the jungle valleys where the Japanese hid in ambush.

Hersey is a correspondent with no military dogmas. He purposely set out to share the same dangers as the Marines. He was not a combatant and could devote all of his time to this study. Very frankly he says: "My valor was certainly of ignorance; if I had had any understanding of what Company H might meet, I never would have gone along." But he did, and that is our gain.

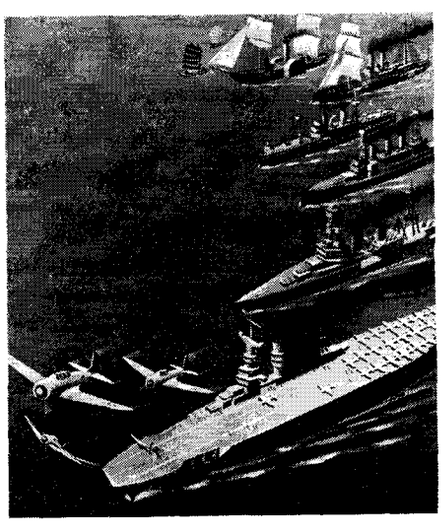
What befell John Hersey and Company H in that valley, "happened in the particular way it did because of the particular kind of person Captain Rigaud was." In the valley, he says he discovered what the "surface" of this officer was like. To this he adds a simple recital of what lay underneath the Captain. That is given in brief form through his boyhood days in Oriskany Falls, New York. There you meet the officer's family and friends, and you find what went into making the man who took his Marines and the author into the valley, only to bring most of them out alive after mass fright had gripped them. He turned that fright into an orderly retreat through a jungle freighted with death from enemy snipers, machine guns, and trench mortar shells.

Memories of that march back cannot be eradicated from the author's mind. They mark his thoughts even in retrospect. "Major O'Brien . . . had been hit by mortar fire and was a dying man. How he happened to be a dying man and yet not die I shall explain after we have gotten out of this damn valley," is an eminently revealing paragraph.

And possibly best of all, John Hersey is not plugging a cause other than the ability of American youth to perform an utterly disagreeable task of killing in order to get back to the homes they fight for. In the short minutes before the guns opened up, he discovered that to the men in the valley those homes were visualized in terms, of all things, of pie—blueberry, mince, and apple. "Fight for pie. Of course, that is not exactly what they meant . . . here pie was their symbol of home."

John Hersey has produced one of the good pieces of writing which must emerge from this war. It is so good in fact, that it leaves one touch of regret. After such an ample sentence as "His father kept four or five cows, and they had to be filled and drained all the time," comes a paragraph upsettingly bad for its unedited repeating of the word "dance." The author shows a masterful use of repetition as a true literary tool, and this makes his rare but glaring lack of revision the more distressing. I move for more from this same pen, but with the few necessary hours of revision not neglected.

—*From the book*



—*From "From Perry to Pearl Harbor."*

The Years of Perdition

FROM PERRY TO PEARL HARBOR. The Struggle for Supremacy in the Pacific. By Edwin A. Falk. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1943. 362 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

"THE faith that she could master any other nation . . . that devoted her resources and energies chiefly to works of peace" moved Japan to open fire on China in 1894. The cynical pretext was the "liberation" of Korea. The start of the undeclared war was the first major Pearl Harbor in Japan's dual drive for empire and for dominance in the Pacific. It was only forty-one years earlier that Admiral Perry had opened Japan to the Western world.

Two and a half centuries before Perry, Japan had learned that sea power was vital to her dream of empire. The Japanese army subjugated the Korean Peninsula only to have victory blocked by the Korean navy. It was a lesson the Japanese imperialists never forgot. From then on they built their plans for hegemony around the ancient native proverb, "The lifeblood of Japan is the water of the sea."

"From Perry to Pearl Harbor" tells in terms of sea power the story of United States-Japanese relations to December 7, 1941. It is a tremendously interesting story. It shows unexpected new angles of American history, familiarly presented by the school books in terms of military power. It is significant in its implications for the postwar future.

The old feudal Island Empire never ceased to be impressed by the "international naiveté" of the unimperialistic young democracy that faced her across the Pacific. Take the Spanish-American war. Instead of demanding an indemnity from defeated Spain, the United States paid the loser for the Philippines. Instead of grabbing the Caroline, Marshall, and Mariana islands, the United States acquiesced in Germany's seizure of those strategic prizes.

Japan could do nothing about the matter just then; she was getting ready to defeat complacent Russia in a few years. But her miltarists smiled confidently and bided their time. By

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1916 their tonnage just about equalled that of their vast, rich transoceanic rival. Twenty-one years later they sank the *Panay* and machine-gunned its drowning passengers. Four years after that, one of their midget submarines, skulking in the waters of Pearl Harbor, drew American fire. The Pacific Armageddon, implicit in Japan's pre-Perry imperialism, was on.

Against the trackless background of the Pacific, some of the great names of our past take on added lustre. Biddle, Dewey, Evans, Theodore Roosevelt—these men stand out among the pioneers who have done yeoman service in the cause of American supremacy in the Pacific. Mr. Falk, who knows his sea and his history, has a salty way of doing thumb-nail sketches of his heroes, fools, and villains. He is equally at home in the abstract blue-prints of naval strategy and in the colorful society of naval personalities.

One of the fascinating aspects of the book is the impact of American history on Japan's imperialism. The cross-currents of our Civil War swept westward to Yedo Bay, there to tangle with the ebb and flow of the Island Empire's internal strife. The intrepid whalers from New Bedford, the greedy seal hunters off Alaska, the anti-Japanese lawmakers of California all left their imprint on the course of Pacific aggression. Through it all the United States public developed a strong resistance to the warnings of American admirals and the snarling threats of Japanese admirals.

Mr. Falk's chapters are packed with the love of ships and the lore of the sea. And they are written with considerable humor. "Perry dramatically escorted the Industrial Revolution to Japan under the Stars and Stripes." President Cleveland sent to the Pacific a commissioner whose "misinformation about Hawaii was unusually extensive. This one-man board of inquiry confirmed his preconceptions to his own satisfaction." Of the *Panay* the author says that the aggressor nation paid cash for having destroyed her "and undoubtedly would have been delighted to pay for the entire Navy on the same basis."

Mr. Falk, author of "Togo and the Rise of Japanese Sea Power" and "Fighting Bob Evans," treats his present subject with admirable objectivity. But his sporting concessions to the ability of the Asiatic enemy do little to tone down a sinister record of treachery, bluff, duplicity, arrogance, effrontery, and foul play.

This realistic and spirited volume should make excellent recruiting material for the Navy. A generous bibliography and index heighten its value as background reading.

Global Peace Out of Global War

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS. By John MacCormac. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 196 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

IF you like the forward-looking, hard-hitting type of thinking on this war represented by such books as James B. Reston's "Prelude to Victory," Robert Aura Smith's "Your Foreign Policy," and Norman Angell's "Let the People Know," you will want to read John MacCormac's new little book. Some may say that it is forward-looking to the point of generous optimism, just as others may say it is generously optimistic to the point of glibness; but the important thing is that MacCormac has supplied a necessary and potent antidote to the weariness and fuzziness in too much of today's thinking about the war.

John MacCormac

Too many Americans are beginning to feel, as they did in 1917 and 1918, that the game is not worth the candle, that once our survival is assured and we win the war the only thing to do is to pull out and keep clear—a dangerous and inexcusable though understandable point of view, for the same trend of thinking that is responsible for the feeling against the war *per se*, as apart from the causes of the war and the reasons why it is being fought, is also responsible for or is linked to the desire to steer clear of the peace as well as the war. This psychology (we hope it is not a prevailing psychology) gains momentum with every political setback or complication involving American efforts abroad. If, for example, the United States seems to be tying herself into knots in the comparatively limited area of North Africa, how can we have any confidence, the scoffers will ask, in our ability to unravel far more complicated political situations all over the world?

The answer of course is that we shall have to tackle the job and see it through or bust; but right now the big problem is to keep Americans from supplying a defeatist answer to the question. To the extent that it contributes to a positive and even virile view of America's part in the world today—the same world, incidentally, we shall have to live in tomorrow despite the apparent theory that once the fighting stops the world changes into a series of rigid squares—to that extent, "This Time for Keeps" is a necessary and valuable book. It is not written in detached, objective prose, for Mr. MacCormac is not at all bashful or self-conscious about declaring that he happens to believe our side is right. We have been taught for so long that questions of right and wrong are only relative and not to be speculated upon by the individual that it is refreshing to read someone who can break with such tortured, topheavy, and inevitably nihilistic folderol, and who can become eloquent, indeed impassioned, about justice vs. injustice, about good vs. evil, about democracy vs. its antagonists from left to right. Five years ago—maybe only two years ago—the superior "intellectuals" might almost have blushed at this passage:

> America stands for:
>
> (1) Democracy. She was the first great nation to give it home and has practised it without interruption ever since.
>
> (2) Diversity. She has welcomed and assimilated all races.
>
> (3) International charity. She has fed the starving and alleviated the effects of war and calamity all over the world.
>
> (4) Territorial non-acquisitiveness. She becomes and sees but does not conquer. She was ready to free the Philippines. She has demonstrated that she is a good neighbor.
>
> (5) A missionary spirit which, in isolation, dissipated itself in irritating preachments to the rest of the world to be moral and pacific.
>
> (6) Enthusiasm for technological progress and a genius for providing plenty through mass production.

This may sound gushy, jingoistic, sentimental—maybe even hammy. But, brother, don't scoff or laugh up your sleeve: there happen to be millions of kids who are being asked to die for such an ideal today. Maybe the ideal hasn't been as bright or as golden or as comprehensive in the past as MacCormac describes it. But those kids are coming back feeling that if it is worth dying for, it's worth living for. Our job is to stop scoffing and to shine up that ideal so that it looks like something.

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AFTER TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS

WHEN the war began three years ago, neither party nor any man expected it would last till now. Each looked for the end, in some way, long ere today. But we can see the past, though we may not claim to have directed it; and seeing it, in this case, we feel more hopeful and confident for the future.

The world has never had a good definition of liberty, and the American people, just now, are much in want of one. We all declare for liberty; but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing. With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself, and the product of his labor; while with others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men's labor. Here are two, not only different, but incompatible things, called by the same name, liberty. And it follows that each of the things is, by the respective parties, called by two different and incompatible names —liberty and tyranny.

The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for which the sheep thanks the shepherd as his liberator, while the wolf denounces him for the same act, as the destroyer of liberty, especially as the sheep was a black one. Plainly, the sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of the word liberty; and precisely the same difference prevails today among us human creatures, and all professing to love liberty. Hence we behold the process by which thousands are daily passing from under the yoke of bondage hailed by some as the advance of liberty and bewailed by others as the destruction of all liberty.

* * *

Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored—contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong; vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man; such as a policy of "don't care" on a question about which all true men do care. Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

* * *

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?

* * *

This is essentially a people's contest. It is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of man—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start, and a fair chance in the race of life. Yielding to partial and temporary departures, from necessity, this is the leading object of the government for whose existence we contend. I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this.

* * *

It may be affirmed without extravagance that the free institutions we enjoy have developed the powers and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world. Of this we now have a striking and an impressive illustration. So large an army as the government has now on foot was never before known. But more than this, there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the world; and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, and perhaps a Court, abundantly competent to administer the government itself. Whoever proposes to abandon such a government would do well to consider in deference to what principle it is that he does it—what better he is likely to get in its stead—whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give, so much of good to the people?

* * *

Of our political revolution of 1776 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nation of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegetated, and still is to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind. It breathed forth famine, swam in blood, and rode in fire; and long, long after, the orphan's cry and the widow's wail continued to break the sad silence that ensued. These were the price, the inevitable price, paid for the blessings it bought.

Abraham Lincoln,
February 12, 1806—April 15, 1865.

[*The paragraphs on this page are excerpted from "The Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln," edited by Philip Van Doren Stern.*]

Possessed

By Theodore Morrison

WE walked a white road under tamarack trees.
The autumn planets drew down from the sky
As if they meant to eavesdrop round our heads.
"For all that's gone," said he, "and all that is,
The savor of life still comes to me sharp somehow. . . ."
His breath flew through his nostrils. I could see it
Making a frosty cloud on the black air.
What could be in the man? I was afraid,
And kept a cautious interval between us.
One does not walk familiarly with those
Who are possessed. But had I then no daemon,
No Pythian whisper to ferment my spirit
And make it work with the sharp savor of life?
Nimble and wine-like presence, elusive breath,
Where did you part with me? Come back, come back.
I need myself to be possessed again.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Michael Assorgin, 1848-1942

SIR:—Information has reached this country of the death in France of the Russian novelist and publicist, Michael Ossorgin, whose "Quiet Street" was published by the Dial Press and distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club in 1930.

Ossorgin was a prolific writer and published a number of novels, essays, and literary criticism. At the same time he contributed to several liberal Russian newspapers. He was one of the Russian literary folk who stemmed from Gogol's "The Cloak." In other words his realism was humanitarian and democratic. He was particularly skillful in reading the inner soul of simple people who would appear unimportant to an ordinary observer.

Mikail Andreevich Ossorgin was born in 1878, on the river Kama, in the Urals and spent his childhood there. After graduating from the law school of the University of Moscow he became affiliated with the party of the socialist revolutionists. In 1905 he left Russia and after considerable travel settled in Italy, from where he wrote for the liberal Russian newspaper, *Russkie Vedomosti*. His contributions on Italian art and culture gained for him a vast reading public. His love for Italy did not, however, diminish his longing for his homeland. In 1916 he returned to Russia despite the fact that he was liable to arrest because of his sympathy with the revolutionary movement. The revolution of February, 1917, relieved him of this anxiety. Immediately after the fall of the autocracy he was engaged in classifying the archives of the czarist regime.

Subsequently he was arrested by the Communists, and was released by Kameneff who knew him personally. In 1921 Ossorgin became a member of the Moscow "Committee for the Relief of the Hungry." This committee was later liquidated and a number of the arrested were ordered to leave the country and Ossorgin was one of them. He lived first in Berlin and later in Paris.

After Hitler became master in France, Ossorgin and his wife lived in the small village of Chabri, in the Loire, and was kept alive on his hate for Nazism and the tiny vegetable garden which he and his wife cultivated.

MANYA GORDON.

New York, N. Y.

Holmes's Secret Weapon

SIR:—I have just returned from a showing of "Sherlock Holmes and the secret weapon," the second in a new series of films which are being made by Universal. And, Sir, to put it plainly at once, the Irregulars are shamefully remiss. So far as I am aware, neither this film nor its predecessor (Sherlock Holmes and the voice of terror) awoke so much as a whisper of lament from the estimable body which cares for the aura about the Sacred Writings.

"If it fits bring it back!"

A starving man will eat curious food as travellers' tales testify. But these films are excessively hard to choke down. The shadow of Holmes and the husk of Watson trail through them wearily but the incidents are a dull rote and the plots move only because they are shoved, tinkered, and patched relentlessly.

Made as "B" pictures they are reviewed seldom and casually. There is no present or effective means of remedy that I can see unless the Irregulars, variously lazy and preoccupied, can be sneered into a protest which will at least have the ring of authority.

And this is a proper place to observe that for all of the attention paid the Canon itself, very little attention has been paid to the plants which flourish about it. There is no comprehensive consideration of the plays and films inspired by (or as the films have it, "suggested by") the Sacred Writings.

The parodies and pastiches, the plays (saving Gillette's) and films, need scholarly examinations and estimate. And they need it not from the pens of critics of books and plays and films but from some critic of the Sacred Writings. Such a critique would have the hope, I should suppose, of discouraging or at least informing wretched endeavor and of calling attention to sound.

In any case, I think it high time that some of the Irregulars went to the movies.

JAMES SANDOE.

Boulder, Colorado

Cushing Plus Flusser?

SIR:—Mr. Bernard Brodie, in his review of "The U. S. Navy Fights" makes rather an odd mistake, when he credits Lieutenant *Flushing* with the sinking of the *Albemarle*. It was Lieutenant Cushing, of course, and it was indeed an epic exploit, far more so than the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. Cushing showed the way to the PT men of this war.

The odd thing, though, is that on April 18, 1864, Lieutenant Flusser made an attempt to sink the *Albemarle*, and was killed himself. It seems possible that Mr. Brodie, knowing of both exploits, unconsciously combined the two names, and gave us Flushing.

I believe Cushing gave his name to the first torpedo-boat named for naval heroes, and perhaps there have been later ones, as well as a Flusser.

JAMES N. GIBSON.

Newport, R. I.

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TRADE Winds

PAPER RESTRICTIONS have altered the perspective of the entire publishing industry. The ten per cent cut already announced has been taken in stride, but opinion prevails that this is a mere forerunner of further and more drastic regulations. One doleful commuter from the WPB in Washington predicts that by the year's end, publishers will be lucky to receive more than sixty per cent of the amount of paper they required in 1942. If this prophecy comes true some of the most prominent personages in the industry are likely to spend the autumn months playing boxes and tic-tac-toe.

Book publishers have already taken steps to solve new paper problems as best they can. Your new books will have smaller margins, and be printed on lighter stock. Review lists are being pared to the bone; dubious lady lecturers will have to buy their reading matter for the duration. More and more books will go out of print, since publishers will hesitate to authorize new editions of books that are not in very general demand. Most important of all, fewer new books will be published in 1943. Publishers have been promising to shorten their lists for years; now they simply will have to, whether they want to or not. It is conceivable that an occasional volume of superior poems or essays may suffer as a result, but it is safe to assume that ninety-five per cent of the titles that will be eliminated are downright trash. A reasonable degree of paper rationing, therefore, will be far from an unmixed calamity either to honest publishers or the book buying public.

Newspaper publishers are preparing to advance the price of their papers and their advertising columns. Those bulky and preposterous Sunday editions will have to be cut down. The *New York Daily News* has initiated the slogan, "Don't buy a *News;* borrow one," which will give you a rough idea of the extent of the revolution in publishers' methods and thoughts!

Magazines are reducing their number of pages, and curtailing their newsstand circulations. Free lists will be guillotined, and new subscribers discouraged. The editors of one fabulously successful magazine are thinking of sending this form letter to every person who complains of the contents or non-delivery of any issue:

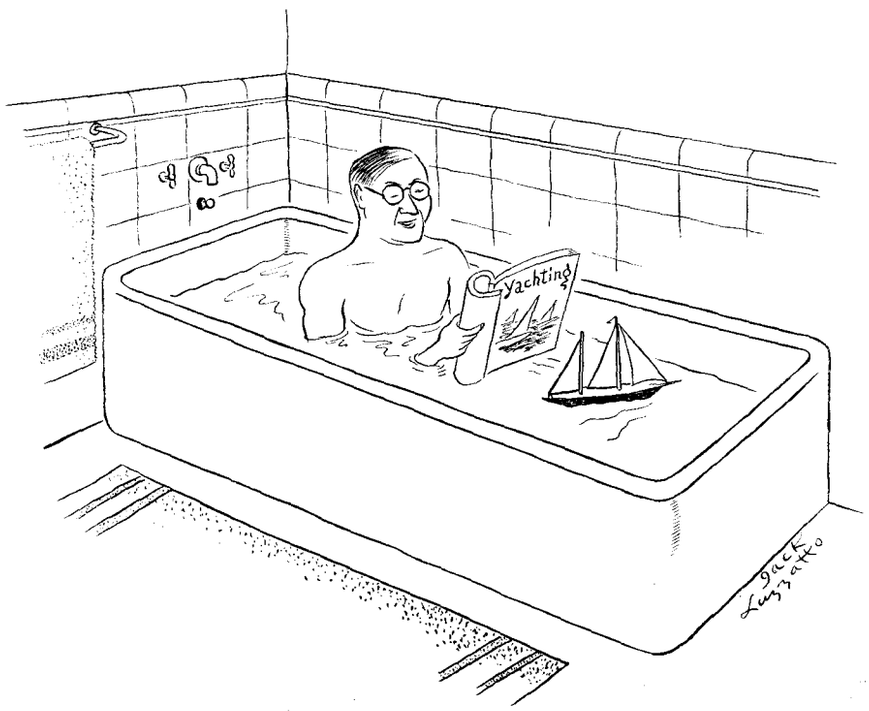
> Sir: We are deeply grateful for your complaint of ——, which automatically cancels your subscription. The price of same is enclosed herewith.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> "P.S. And don't let us catch you hanging around the newsstands either!" . . . .

OVERHEARD ON THE Fibber McGee radio program: "Have you read that book about the missing garter? I think it's called 'The Last Time I Saw Paris!'" . . . Van Cartmell claims that he has discovered the reason why Lane Bryant sold so many maternity gowns last year: "They were expandable!" . . . Hitler should title his next tome "Mein Crampf." . . . A suburban book store ordered a copy of "The Encyclopedia of Sexual Knowledge" from a local jobbber. Two days later the volume was returned. The notation read "Customer couldn't wait!" . . .

THE AMERICAN Booksellers' Association will hold its annual convention this year at the Hotel Astor, in New York, on May fourth and fifth, but it will be a sober confab to discuss war problems, and will lack the bizarrre trimmings of yesteryear. The high jinks reached their height at the Boston convention in 1929. That was the year one group used Doubleday, Doran's telephone to call New York long distance and ask what time it was, and another happy quartette amused itself by scaling Cape and Smith catalogues out of a twelfth story window of the Hotel Statler. At the height of the festivities we remember asking a floor clerk if the noise wasn't disturbing other patrons. "This is nothing, brother," she replied seriously, "nothing at all. Wait till you hear the shoe convention in action *next* week!" . . .

DREW PEARSON is authority for the statement that Joe Kennedy, Ex-Ambassador to Britain, was about to publish a book that had all the qualities of a best seller, but that would have offended a lot of English people, not to mention Harry Hopkins. The man who persuaded him to abandon publication, or at least defer it until the war was over, was none other than President Roosevelt. Pearson concludes that "Kennedy's decision has been a blow to his Republican and isolationist friends who are still urging him to publish the book before the 1944 elections. They figure it would be the best campaign document of the elections." Our own guess is that if F.D.R. actually did intervene personally to prevent the publication of a book of any description, it would have to do a great deal more than provide propaganda for an election campaign; it would, in his opinion, contain material that definitely retarded the war effort. People who are inclined to become impatient with recent tactics of President Roosevelt might reflect for a few moments just where this country would be today if he hadn't been elected in 1932, and 1936, and 1940. . . . It was President Roosevelt we were thinking about when we came home from the opening night of Sidney Kingsley's fine and stimulating new play, "The Patriots." It is based on the career of Thomas Jefferson, and is, we think, the kind of play that readers of the *S.R.L.* will appreciate most deeply. . . .

IN POMONA, CALIFORNIA, several days ago, died Elsbery W. Reynolds, aged seventy-four. Not many people in the



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publishing business today ever heard the name before, but there was a time when Elsbery Reynolds had a hand in publishing the greatest best sellers of his generation. In 1898 he read with delight a manuscript by a young writer named Harold Bell Wright. It was called "The Printer of Udells." He signed up Wright, and published the book under the imprint of the Chicago Book Supply Company. On this book, as well as on six or seven subsequent volumes by Mr. Wright (all singularly similar in plot and development) Reynolds spent upward of $100,000 apiece in advertising, and ran the total sale of Wright's novels into the millions. He lived to see a great change and improvement in public taste. The United States Mint couldn't promote a Harold Bell Wright novel into a best seller today. . . . Alexander Woollcott's last words were among the most significant he ever uttered. A moment before he collapsed in front of the microphone he declared, "The people of Germany are just as responsible for Hitler as the people of Chicago are for the *Chicago Tribune.*" Why did so many newspaper obituaries omit this fact? They seemed to have room for everything else! . . . .

SINCLAIR LEWIS's new novel, "Gideon Planish," due in April, is one of the best he has ever written, comparable in every way with "Elmer Gantry" and "It Can't Happen Here." One of the characters is a forceful lady named Winifred Homestead, described thus by Mr. Lewis:

It was not that Winifred talked more than her celebrated male companions might have, for no one can talk more than one hundred per cent. But she could talk down talkers. She could put into her dinner offensives an assurance and a demand for attention that made forty minutes of her feel like the entire voyage of the Ark. She was so powerful that she could convince anyone at all of the exact opposite of whatever she maintained, *including the man from whom she had lifted her ideas in the first place!* . . .

HARRY KURNITZ is the author of most of the "Thin Man" scenarios, and, under the name of Marco Page, two bang-up mysteries on the Dodd, Mead list. He relates that when he was a struggling young reporter in Philadelphia, the gay blades with whom he associated, acquired, one by one, raccoon coats. They were a badge of distinction in those happy days of John Held flappers and bathtub gin; Kurnitz was extremely mortified that he could not afford one. Then one day he spied a coat made of wolf skin in a second-hand shop. It was barely within his means, but he bought it without a second's hesitation. "Did this end your inferiority complex?" we asked; "could you once more dally with your fellow creatures on an even footing?" "It was superb," answered Kurnitz. "I wore it all winter, rain or shine. I only had one bit of trouble with it. It seems that every time there was a severe snowstorm, I found myself running madly after sleighs!" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

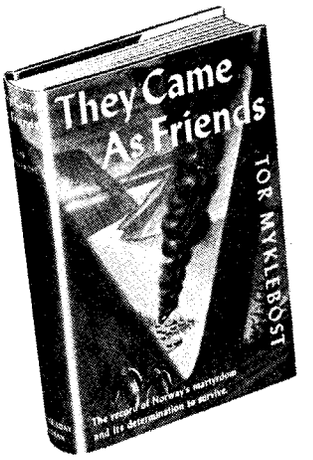
Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ARTISTS IN LITERATURE

Not all of the characters in this week's quiz were artists, but at least they displayed an inclination toward brush or pencil. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points for each character you recall and another 5 if you remember either the title of the story or the author who wrote it, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 20.

1. After his daily caning by a sadistic schoolmaster, this roly-poly scholar would cheer himself up by drawing skeletons all over his slate.
2. One of his early masterpieces was a crayon sketch of his sweetheart's foot.
3. To annoy the police and his rival criminals, this modern buccaneer would leave at the scene of his crimes a small line drawing of a haloed figure.
4. Before going blind from a sword-cut, he completed his masterpiece, Melancholia, the likeness of a woman who had known all the sorrow in the world and was laughing at it.
5. His bad portrait of a prominent actress was disparaged by critics who did not realize that the face of the painting had been removed and that the head of the actress herself was in its place.
6. The unfinished portrait of her lodger as The Discus Thrower remained forever unfinished when the family of her daughter's boy friend came for dinner a day ahead of time.
7. This self-centered genius died of leprosy in Tahiti, with the walls of his room covered with his greatest works.
8. So beautiful was this artist's portrait of a young man that its subject, realizing he would change with age, wished the picture would age instead.
9. This teen-aged boy caricatured one of his teachers as a fish.
10. After taking a year to paint the portrait of a beautiful woman, this retired business man went broke, auctioned the painting for $4,000, only to find that his masterpiece was to be used for advertising purposes.



The battle of Norway goes into its fourth year in a few weeks...

It is a big battle, an important battle, but none of the official communiques ever mention it. There are many casualties, but they are all on one side. Practically the only shots fired today on this front come from the guns of the enemy's firing squads. The only flag seen anywhere is the enemy's swastika. Yet the enemy has lost the Battle of Norway.

"This book is the stirring and inspiring record of a united people's fight against dishonor. They have stood their guard and won their battle. Some day a final chapter will tell of complete victory, of the routing of the last Nazi from their beloved Norway. May that last chapter be not too many pages away!"

—PHILADELPHIA *Inquirer*

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The Skin of Whose Teeth?

Part II: The Intention Behind the Deed

JOSEPH CAMPBELL AND HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

"THERE are certain charges that ought not to be made, and I think I may add, ought not to be allowed to be made." ("The Skin of Our Teeth," p. 5).

"There are certain statements which ought not to be, and one should like to hope to be able to add, ought not to be allowed to be made." ("Finnegans Wake," p. 33).

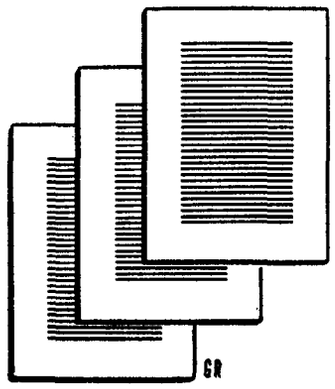
Several weeks ago we made charges. We indicated a relationship between Thornton Wilder's current Broadway play, "The Skin of Our Teeth," and that big black book, "Finnegans Wake." Our first article, based on a single evening at the play, no more than broached the problem of Mr. Wilder's indebtedness to James Joyce. But now the appearance of the play in book form* offers abundant evidence that Mr. Wilder not only vigorously adapted "Finnegans Wake" to the Broadway temper, but also intended that someone, somewhere, someday, should recognize his deed for what it is.

The author had good reason to expect that this would not happen immediately. He realized fully that "Finnegans Wake" has not yet been assimilated by the larger public, and that the chances of explicit protest during the run of the play were slight. For in Joyce's work the themes are multidimensional and queerly interwoven, developing bit by bit throughout the obscure text. Even the studious eye is baffled by their intricacy. Mr. Wilder, having mastered the elaborate web, has selected a few structural strands, reduced them in size and weight, and presented them, neatly crocheted to box-office taste. Many of the Joyce-Wilder correspondences are so subtle and extended that it would require a vast wall for their exhibition. Nevertheless, within the compass of a brief article it is possible to present a series of eye-openers even to the most languid observer.

These correspondences amount to much more than a mere sharing of great and constant human themes. Character by character, Act by Act, unmistakable re-renderings are evident. Both works have for setting, modern suburban homes not yet detached from the archaic past. The fathers of both families are about forty-five years old; they have both just survived election campaigns, during which certain charges have been made against their character—charges indignantly denied, yet not ill-founded. Mr. Antrobus pinches servant girls when he meets them in a dark corridor; H. C. E., too, is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct with maidservants. And they both indulge in extramarital sex adventures.

Such philanderings, it may be objected, are the common stuff of literature. But in "Finnegans Wake" and "The Skin of Our Teeth" the circumstances which surround them are *H*orrendous, *C*haracteristic, and *E*special. Mark what happens directly upon the husbands' stumbling into sin:—a thunder clap is heard (S. T., p. 86; F. W., p. 80 and elsewhere). Barely has Antrobus entered the cabana with the seductress, barely has H. C. E. entered the bushes, when the thunder clap resounds and the hurricane signals go up. In both works this omen is a pronouncement of God's judgment on erring man, soon to be followed by deluge. The heroes' self-apologetic radio broadcasts to the world, describing their statesmanlike contributions to humanity, along with the worlds which they celebrate, dissolve in the engulfing catastrophe.

It is not enough to fob off this complex of themes, this curious telescoping of Adam and Noah, as "something out of Genesis." Quaintly enough, this merging of patriarchs does not occur in the Bible. It does occur, however, in "Finnegans Wake"—and now in "The Skin of Our Teeth." Furthermore, Genesis 4 relates that the first son of Adam was Cain, the second Abel. But Joyce reverses this order in "Finnegans Wake"; so, oddly enough, does Wilder (S. T., p. 5). Is our Broadway playwright deriving his themes from the Hebrew or the Irish?



Mr. Wilder's maid-seductress, Sabina, assumes the traits, at one time or another, of all the temptress masks of "Finnegans Wake." She is the servant girl, fond of movies (F. W., p. 166), the Napoleonic *fille du regiment* (F. W., pp. 8-9), the worn out soubrette (F. W., p. 531), the popular beauty (F. W., pp. 58-59), the captive "raped home from her Sabine hills" (F. W., p. 197). With Joyce she is "the rainbow girl": Sabina's costume in Act I suggests the colors of the rainbow. In "Finnegans Wake," too, all these seductress traits play over the basic personality of a gossipacious maid.

THE role of maid-temptress is counterbalanced by the wife-mother, whose function it is to rebuild and preserve the life fires which, through Sabina, have gone out. In the play, as in the book, the wife borrows the light with which she kindles the hearth; even further, she borrows the light from a character who is called the Postman in the Joyce work, and in the Wilder work, Telegraph Boy. In her speeches she recalls the times when there were "no weddings" (F. W., pp. 78-79; S. T., p. 59). One of her manifestations in "Finnegans Wake" is as a mother hen; as Joyce puts it, "she just feels she was kind of born to lay and love eggs" (F. W., p. 112). Mr. Antrobus calls *his* wife a "broken down old weather hen." The umbrella that the wife carries through Wilder's Act II is the famous umbrella of "Finnegans Wake" (p. 7 and elsewhere). Mrs. Antrobus re-echoes Mrs. Earwicker's railings against the candidate and scandalmongers who opposed her husband in the election.

The great letter that she throws into the sea is precisely the letter of "Finnegans Wake," thrown away under identical circumstances (F. W., pp. 80, 93-93, 111, 113, 615-619). (Mr. Wilder's description of this letter is the most sensitive, most complete, most convincing interpretation yet to appear of this great Joycean theme.) The divorce which threatens the Antrobus household is the Royal Divorce of "Finnegans Wake." The circumstances which postpone the divorce, and forever will postpone it, are those of "Finnegans Wake." And again, as in "Finnegans Wake," the mother's love for the evil, rejected Cain, reconciles the male antagonisms within the family. (F. W., pp. 194-5, etc.). With these parallels and the many more, it is not surprising that Mrs. Antrobus's name is Maggie,—written "Maggy" in "Finnegans Wake."

So much for character comparisons;

*THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH. A Play in Three Acts. By Thornton Wilder. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 142 pp. $2.

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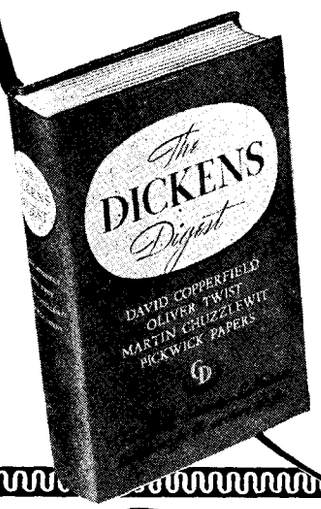

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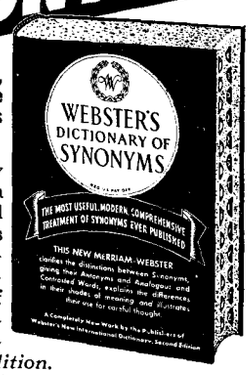

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now for chronology. Skillfully and without essential dislocation, Mr. Wilder has adapted the four books of "Finnegans Wake" to the exigencies of a three-act play. Both works are composed in the form of a circle. Book I of "Finnegans Wake" and Act I of the play summon up the deepest past—the glacial age, dinosaurs, and mammoths (Joyce mentions both), as well as the dawn inventions of man—the alphabet, mechanics, and brewing. Book II and Act II take place in the present. Wilder's Act II is based specifically upon Book II, Section 3, of "Finnegans Wake"; Wilder simply transplants Joyce's Irish-tavern bacchanal to an Atlantic City convention. The last book of "Finnegans Wake" and the last Act of the play treat of the world's brave re-beginnings, following almost total catastrophe; they do not conclude, but circle back again to the start of all.

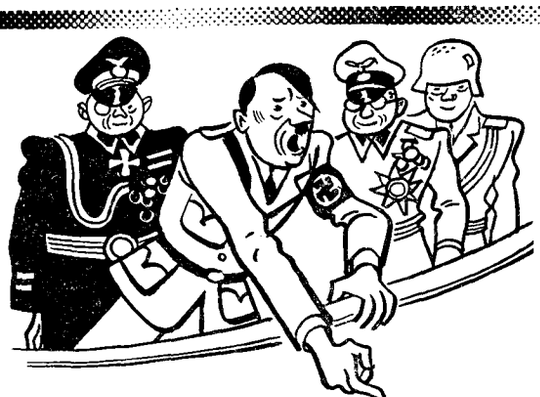
It is Book III of "Finnegans Wake" which would at first appear to have been omitted. But no. We find that this material has been telescoped retrospectively into the recitals of Mr. Antrobus in Act III, when he rehearses the fine ideals which he broodingly cherished during the years of struggle and war. These broodings and their return to the realities of peace correspond to H. C. E.'s dream for a future ideal and its dissolution into workaday fact. We cannot praise too highly what Mr. Wilder has here achieved in the way of re-creative interpretation. From these passages in his play a light goes back over great and very obscure sections of "Finnegans Wake."

IF the major correspondence are inescapable, minor similarities are numberless. Open the work to any page, and echoes vibrate from all directions. Some of them are highly esoteric and it is not improbable that Mr. Wilder is giving the wink of the fraternity to any Finnegan fan who may chance to be in the theatre. For instance, the play opens with an announcement that the sun arose at 6:32 a.m. Why precisely 32? This number, of all possible digits, is one of the ubiquitous puzzlers throughout the Wake: it appears during the course of the book some forty times in various combinations. Directly following the sunrise, we are shown three scrubwomen who have found Adam and Eve's wedding ring in the X Theatre. This literally reeks of Finnegan. No less than a dozen connotations spring immediately to mind: the scrubwoman theme, the entr'acte-scavenger theme, the "found article" theme, the ring theme, the wedding theme, the Phoenix Theatre theme, the "X" theme-complex (Xmas, Criss-Cross, Crucifixion-Resurrection, Crossbones, Crass-keys, XXX kisses, ex-wife, etc.), the Adam and Eve theme, etc.

An early stage direction bids Sabina to dust Mr. Antrobus's chair, "including the under side." In Mr. Earwicker's tavern the man-of-all-work "dusts the both sides of the seats of the bigslaps" (p. 370). In Act I, in his conversation with the fish, Mr. Antrobus leans over the bowl and says, "How've things been, eh? Keck-keck-keck." When we try to remember where we have heard "keck" before, we recall the "Brekkek Kekkek" of the Aristophanes frog chorus in the diluvian passage of "Finnegans Wake," page 4. In "The Skin of Our Teeth" "Keck" undergoes further Joycean development by appearing five times in the speeches of Esmeralda, fortune teller, who is called "Mrs. Croaker" by the convention delegates.

But why should Mr. Antrobus give special attention to a fish? Well, the fish is H. C. E.'s totem animal, as well as the giant Finn's Salmon of Knowledge.

Wilder's little girl, like Joyce's, is papa's darling, his "little star," (S. T., p. 23). Mr. Antrobus is revived from a mood of most desperate melancholy on hearing that she has recited Wordsworth's "The Star" in school. In "Finnegans Wake," one of the daughter's principal manifestations is Stella (Stella—star) who revives life interest in the melancholy old man. When questioned by Mr. Antrobus, the daughter gives the exact dimensions of the ocean—a precocious knowledge



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suggestive of her "ocean origin" in "Finnegans Wake."

To heap up resemblances: The message delivered by Mr. Wilder's Telegraph Boy has come by a wildly circuitous route, suggesting the peregrinations of the famous Finnegan missive (F. W. pp. 93-94, 420-421). The children are called "little smellers" by Mr. Antrobus; the phrase "this little smeller" is remembered from "Finnegans Wake." Among the refugees of the end of Act I, four old men, Doctor, Professor, Moses, and Homer, predominate; these are certainly the Four Old Men among the frequenters of Mr. Earwicker's hostel. (p. 94, etc.) The Antrobus inventions of beer brewing, alphabet, and mechanics are precisely those of the hero in "Finnegans Wake."

Mr. Wilder is a man who has entered an uninventoried treasure cave and who emerges with a pouch full of sample sparklers. Only the lapidary who has himself paid a secret visit to the wonder-hoard is in a position to gasp at the authentic Joycean glitter of Mr. Wilder's re-settings.

As yet, Captain Wilder has not deigned to make public comment. But in the play itself he very cryptically pronounces as harsh an evaluation of his work as will ever be made. This pronouncement comes in Act I of "The Skin of Our Teeth," when Mr. Antrobus comes home with his epochal invention, the wheel, which his son seizes with delight. Playing with the wheel, the son says: "Papa, you could put a chair on this." To which the father replies, broodingly: "Ye-e-s, any booby can fool with it now,—but I thought of it first." (S. T. pp. 29-30).

The wheel is James Joyce's circular book of cyclewheeling history, "the Book of Doublends Jined"; Mr. Wilder has cleverly fixed a chair to it, wherein the public can ride.

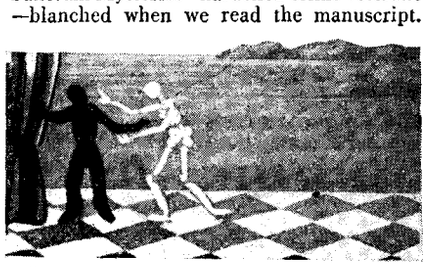
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLIND MAN'S BUFF *Baynard Kendrick* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Quadruple Manhattan murder case, in which most victims fall from great heights, solved by blind sleuth Duncan Maclain.	Brilliantly devised and practically unguessable murder method, continuous suspense, believable detecting, and an edge-of-the-chair finish.	Absolute tops
NOTHING CAN RESCUE ME *Elizabeth Daly* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Catskill mansion scene of poisoning, deadly bludgeoning, an almost successful attempt at third murder, and perceptive detecting by Mr. Gamadge.	Brisk and baffling affair about planchette, family hates, mysteriously evil messages that spell doom, and greed for gold.	Good
DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN *Stewart Sterling* (Putnams: $2.)	Identification of mutilated body found in lower Hudson starts Lt. Koski of Harbor Police on trail of saboteurs and such.	Vies with authors' "Five Alarm Funeral" for novelty and vividness of background. Detecting is hard-headed and convincing.	Tough and exciting
ECHO OF A BOMB *Van Siller* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders of gruesomely patched-up war casualty and his guest in Southern mansion cleared up by young war-correspondent.	Romance of tragic young bride and amateur sleuth (very well handled) overshadows mystery, which has its points.	Emotional thriller
THE AFFAIR AT THE BOAT LANDING *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.)	Suspicious drowning of Kentucky farmer gives Sheriff Jess Roden a case crammed with suspects and one more murder.	Full-bodied yarn, packed with action, excellently portrayed mountaineer characters, canny detecting, and plot that puzzles up to last minute.	Rewarding
MURDER THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS *Michael Venning* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Young writer who doesn't know whether he is murderer of New Yorker or not, helped out of fix by Melville Fair.	Interesting venture in field of split personality. Writing is high-tensioned, detecting unobtrusive—and whole thing slightly unconvincing.	Puzzling
THE MOUSE IN THE MOUNTAIN *Norbert Davis* (Morrow: $2.)	Variety of violent deaths in earthquake-rocked town interest aristocratic great Dane Carstairs and his detective master Doan.	Carstairs' dignified ferocity and characters' bright dialogue carry off story. Mystery is rather translucent but action is incessant and thunderous.	Good fun

Tradition has established (for some overpowering reason which we've forgotten) that Inner Sanctum Mysteries should be published on the second Friday of each month. Therefore, *The Smell of Money* by Matthew Head makes its bow on February 12th. When he heard this, the author pointed out that since this was also Lincoln's Birthday, we were practically sabotaging sales in his part of the country.

Mr. Head, you see, spends most of his time South of a certain well known line, where he teaches art and architecture in one of our more conservative universities. His first book, we hasten to add, is a murder story which has no connection whatsoever with any ivory tower. In fact, the author has a nasty suspicion that *The Smell of Money* may shock the pants off some of his gray-bearded associates and blast him right off the campus. After all, even the editors of Inner Sanctum Mysteries—hardened crime veterans—blanched when we read the manuscript.



Right at the start of *The Smell of Money* the author himself warns the reader. He writes:

"I've got to say this is not a pretty story, before you get started on it. If you can't make allowances for people, and mighty liberal allowances too, this isn't your kind of story, so drop it. The real thing that will bother you, if you are easily bothered, is that all this sinning isn't on a majestic scale, like a Greek tragedy, but is all a little bit shoddy. If it's grandeur and all that kind of thing that you're after, you want Sophocles, not me."

The Gory Gazette, being reasonably certain that it isn't Sophocles *you're* after, and insultingly candid in its belief that you, like itself, revel in lust and avarice and the other sinister emotions, enthusiastically urges you to read

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The Phoenix Nest

CYRIL CLEMENS, President of the International Mark Twain Society, is writing a book on "Mark Twain in England." He very kindly sends us his brochure on "A. E. Housman at Cambridge." Housman persistently refused honors. He twice refused the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from Oxford, and at least eight other honorary Doctorates. When his brother Laurence argued with him that he should be willing to accept the Order of Merit which should certainly be offered to him, "he suddenly blushed (a characteristic which he had retained from the days of his youth) and said:

> Well, as a matter of fact, Mr. Baldwin did write to me not long ago to say that the King was ready to offer it; and I believe it was offered at the same time to Bernard Shaw. But for the reason I have already stated, and because I could not have the trouble of going to be received by the King, I declined. But I don't want it to be known; it wouldn't be fair to the King."

The "reason stated" was that he thought the honor was not always given to the right persons.

"We"

A lady reproves us for using "we" in this discourse. She writes:

> Don't use "we" when speaking of yourself in the "Phoenix Nest." The use of "we" is only legitimate for use by English kings, in that sense—and if you look it up you'll find that the present King George discontinued using "we" for some very good reasons. Another American used "we" rather foolishly; and, as an admirer of your sly wit, may I say in the most friendly way that its use does not become you.

We are naturally very flattered by that reference to our "sly wit," and we do not object in the least to the criticism; but we are still under the impression that we are using the *editorial* "we," which obviates the incessant use of "I" that might otherwise obtain. It really isn't because we feel in the least monarchical!

Russians to the Rescue!

Franklin Wentworth of Redondo Beach, California, wishes us to secure and print the poem supposed to have been written by a little Russian child to General ("Comrade") Voroshilov, which was read over the radio a month or two ago (he thinks) by Helen Hayes. His family was profoundly moved by it. If there are any Russians in the audience, will they send it to us (in English), or will any American send it, for that matter! We shall be glad to reprint it here.

From Funston to MacArthur

We don't know whether or not Ivan Swift was ever in the Philippines, in the era when that song about civilizing them with a Krag (meaning a Krag-Jorgenson rifle) was extant among the harder boiled of our fighters; but, in that the Filipino soldier and the American soldier today are fighting side by side, and we have discovered the Filipino's heroic qualities, he comments upon it in verse as follows:

> It was fun to be with Funston,
> Plucky son-of-a, son-of-a-gun son,
> Through the jungle and the grass-top town;
> Matching marlins with machetés,
> Munching mangoes and mosquitoes
> While we prayed for better fare with Father Dunstan.
>
> But now the world's forgiven us
> And God Almighty's shriven us—
> We're signing with our friendly little Brown;
> Who is brave unto the grave
> And must never be a slave
> To the rippin' Nippon knave we're going to drown!

. . . Apropos of absolutely nothing we are suddenly convulsed by the memory of the anecdote of the toastmaster who began, "My wife says I've had tee many martoonis, but I'm not s' mush inner alfluence of incahol as shum theeple pink—thinkle peep!" Please excuse us! Carry on!

When We Were Boys

Laurence P. Dodge of Newbury, Mass., reminds us of a story that first appeared in *St. Nicholas* when it was a hearth-and-fireside treasure, *viz:* "Phaeton Rogers," by Rossiter Johnson. Mr. Dodge still owns "The Lakerim Athletic Club" and its sequel, "The Dozen from Lakerim." He says further,

> The child's librarian in the Newburyport Public Library told me recently that "The Story of a Bad Boy" still was in great demand, and others of my old favorites, which I mentioned to her: "Dory Mates," "Camp Mates," etc., would still be read were they obtainable. It has long seemed to me that the books my children, and now my grandchildren, read are pretty poor stuff.

Mr. Dodge's wife was the late Edmund Lester Pearson's cousin, and we are glad that through this column he again got in touch with Earle Walbridge, the man Edmund Pearson was always quoting. Mr. Walbridge, by the way, furnishes us with the information that Alexander Woollcott included all the "Whilomville Stories" of Stephen Crane in his "Second Reader." He continues:

> A copy of one of Owen Johnson's collections of Lawrenceville stories (I think it was "The Eternal Boy") which I bought at Ray Peck's three years ago to give a young reader who would appreciate it, was once the property of Wells Lewis, Sinclair Lewis's son. Young Mr. Lewis was so concerned about its possible loss that he listed no less than three addresses on the flyleaf, at which he could be reached. Frederic Dorr Steele, Baker Street Irregular *par excellence*, once told me that he hadn't visited Lawrenceville when he illustrated the stories, but worked from a photograph sent him by Owen Johnson. [Mr. Steele, incidentally, was instrumental in forming all Americans' ideas of what Sherlock Holmes looked like, just as was Paget in London!—Ed.]

Little Magazines

Pauline Leader of Bennington, Vermont, sends us very kindly a list of little magazines: *transition,* magazine of the arts printed in Paris, edited by Ford Madox Ford, Eugene Jolas, and Elliot Paul; *blues,* edited by Charles Henri Ford; *Contempo,* edited by M. A. and M. K. Abernethy; ***A Year Magazine; Blast; The Anvil; The Westminster Magazine; The Windsor Quarterly.***

> Many of these magazines were frankly proletarian; others insisted that they were purely literary reviews with no social or economic bones to pick. Literary or proletarian, they all had the same contributors; the same names appeared in all of them. ***The Westminster Magazine,*** published at Oglethorpe University, Georgia, announced in a single issue: A critique by Ezra Pound; The Oxford Movement, an essay by Joseph Scott; poetry by William Carlos Williams, Carl Rakosi, H. R. Hays; stories by August W. Derleth, Benjamin Appel; reviews by Leonard Bacon. *The Anvil* more humbly published at Rural Route Four, Moberly, Missouri, by Jack Conroy, has a manifesto. Manifestos were popular those days. . . . ***Blast: A Magazine of Proletarian Short Stories*** included work by the omnipresent W. C. Williams and Ezra Pound, Alfred Morang, etc. *Contempo* had an impressive list of contributing editors. . . .
>
> WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Traddles, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
2. Little Billee (William Bagot), in "Trilby," by George Du Maurier.
3. The Saint, in the stories by Leslie Charteris.
4. Dick Heldar, in "The Light That Failed," by Rudyard Kipling.
5. James Triplet, in "Peg Woffington," by Charles Reade.
6. Penelope Sycamore, in "You Can't Take It with You," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.
7. Charles Strickland, in "The Moon and Sixpence," by Somerset Maugham.
8. Basil Hallward, in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," by Oscar Wilde.
9. Henry Aldrich, in "What A Life," by Clifford Goldsmith.
10. Maitland White, in "You and I," by Philip Barry.

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How to Make Like Crazy

THE LONELY ONES. By William Steig. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 102 *pp.* $1.

THE DREAM DEPARTMENT. By S. J. Perelman. New York: Random House. 1943. 208 *pp.* $2.

WITH A HAYS NONNY NONNY. By Elliot Paul and Luis Quintanilla. New York: Random House. 1943. 188 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

GEORGE MEREDITH in "An Essay on Comedy" says that whenever we of the human race "wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate . . . given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities . . . whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mined with conceit . . . the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign, and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is the 'Comic Spirit'." Very good, as far as it goes; but there comes a time when, if its benign therapy is not effective, the Comic Spirit must turn us over to the men in white coats. Just when that time is, and how far the Spirit may accompany its subject on the journey to the Institution, are moot points. How moot they are is obvious when three books by four of our ranking humorists contain almost as many screams of horror and howls of fear as they do roars of laughter and rolls in the aisle.

Take, for instance, William Steig's collection of drawings entitled "The Lonely Ones." The ancient Egyptian considered insanity as a flight from God, in which the ego, fleeing its destiny, journeyed into the void and built a world of its own. Those who only went a little way, and built little worlds, weren't crazy; they were funny. Again we have the journey, with the Comic Spirit going part way, and the attendants taking over at the crossroads. But Steig, the humorist, having been asked to walk one mile, seems to have gone twain. Or did he? *Maybe the attendants walked up to meet him!* That's the rub. Looking at "Who Are All Those Others?" and "Public Opinion No Longer Worries Me," you will wonder. To make it more complex, and frightening, Steig interprets anatomy in terms of symbols, thus illustrating with startling clarity the attitudes, prejudices, escape vehicles, poses, and assorted vanities by which individual humans justify their existence to themselves and to other humans. It is an interesting book; far, far too interesting in fact. After looking at it for a while you will be afraid to turn around. Not that you wonder whether you are being followed. You know you are. You just don't want to see the fellow.

The solution is to pick up S. J. Perelman's "The Dream Department." That disposes of the man behind you. He is now in front of you, cavorting for your amusement. Perelman is an old friend, probably the funniest man in America. Using clichés, the barnacles of language, he carves totem poles of remembrance for our follies (he is probably the best carver of totem poles with barnacles in America). Searching through such erudite trade journals as the *Corset and Underwear Review* and the *American Bee Journal* he unearths idola (correct) of the gringo mind, strange ideas which whisper to him in the night. He has the same luck with *Pets* the brassiere section of the rotogravure, *Vogue* and *Mademoiselle*. It's wonderfully funny, as is all of Perelman, but just as you are unhinging your appendix over "Hold That Christmas Tiger" (unless you have already done so at "Kitchenware, Notions, Lights, Action, Camera") you will realize with a sickening thud that the man who was in front of you has disappeared. What you are holding in your hands is a mirror. What do *you* do at Christmas?

Perelman, like Steig, has put on the white coat and is making like crazy.

Better put him aside for the moment and try "With a Hays Nonny Nonny," the latest Hollywood exposé, by Elliott Paul and his illustrator-collaborator, Luis Quintanilla. Paul is reassuring; he has a beard; he looks kind. Quintanilla, however, is disturbing. He draws human beings who are obviously human beings, but who are also, and even more obviously, animals. At first this seems to have little relationship to what Paul is discussing. He begins innocently by quoting the whole of the Hays Code, with a note that, "Nothing whatever has been done to make this document funnier." Then he discusses theoretical attempts to film famous Biblical stories, pointing out the details in the original stories which offend the Code, and therefore cannot be included in the screen versions. Now the point of the book becomes clear. Visions of the bras in *Corset and Underwear Review* dance through your head, like sugar plums.

Hollywood is engaged in the business of showing all of us what we most want in the world. Its job is to show us what we want (which is not a square meal) but *not* make it appetizing (which is what a square meal is). At this point Mr. Paul's shoulders come into view, and it can be seen that he is wearing a white coat. You should have known. In Hollywood a man with a beard *has* to be a psychiatrist.

Anyhow, here are three books which accurately depict *homo sapiens Americanus*. We never looked sillier.

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The Crostics Club

RAYMOND C. DELMONT, Harrisburg, Pa., is interested in the time record of solvers who use no reference books. He would like to compare the degree of difficulty he finds in each DC with that found by others. From time to time other puzzlers have expressed such an interest. I shall be glad to coöperate as a clearing house. How about this method of tackling it: (1) for Mr. Delmont to send me his specific address; (2) for puzzlers interested in such a scheme to send me their names and addresses, or a number instead of the name as Mr. Delmont suggests; (3) for me to furnish these to Mr. D. Thus he can establish his "bureau of statistics" and ultimately give us the results. Any other suggestions?

Here's a beginner right to hand: Mrs. David S. Stern, Elkins Park, Pa., would like to know how long it took the no-reference set ("snobbish" she dubs you) to solve No. 460, the Lin Yutang DC, as she concludes that "it was the easiest I ever gave for those who love to do them in bed with W. N.I. propped up on the bed table." Perhaps it was easy because the acrostic was familiar from recent advertisements. Several have noted the confusing error in the solution-*lives* for a second *dives*. *Your* solution was correct, as it usually is when the printer makes such errors.

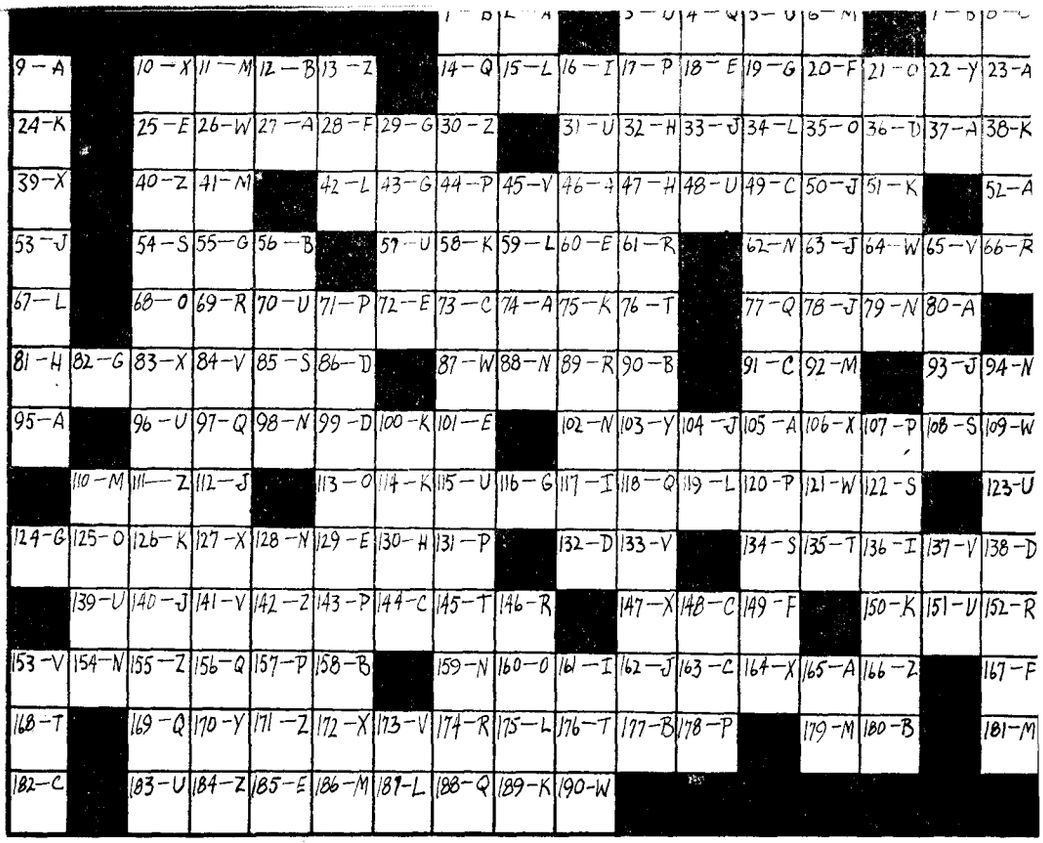
Recently in looking up the spelling of the first name of a well-known Yiddish writer, I came across *Sholom* in *W.N.I.* and *Shalom* in the O.C.A.L. In a satisfying reply from *W.N.I.* one paragraph reads: "We have been informed by a specialist in Yiddish and Hebrew spelling and pronunciation that the form *Sholem* is Yiddish, the form *Shalom*, Hebrew. The form *Sholom*, though not as 'correct' a spelling as the other two, is attested by a very large number of citations in our own files. . . . We hope to indicate in the future entries of this name all three of the spellings of the given name, in the following order: *Sholem, Shalom, Sholom.*" One of our puzzlers is a neighbor of Mr. Asch, but I can't recall her name. I wonder which spelling he prefers.

W.N.I. thinks *New Words* a more understandable caption for that section than *Addenda*. I don't agree. Do you? Isn't it fun to help remake a dictionary!

Mrs. Richmond Miller, Philadelphia, was thrown off the track in No. 459 by my using *Woodworth* as the *composer* of the "Old Oaken Bucket." Perhaps others were, too. I should have said *author*. The composer was Frederick Smith (*O.C.A.L.*)

Arthur Guiterman's creative impulses were a joyous source for DCs. How we shall miss his understanding soul!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 464

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 8 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To cause to follow servilely (4 wds.)

B. Chief native people of the Philippines.

C. Servants who performed the lowest service about the temple (Jew. antiq.)

D. A sacramental anointment; unction (esp. Eastern Church).

E. Royal subject title of two tragedies by Sophocles.

F. Napoleonic victory over the Austrians (May 1796—"The Little Corporal").

G. Ancient capital of Assyria (Ruins in N. Iraq).

H. A small notch or hollow.

I. City in Western Siberia.

J. Customary practice (3 wds.)

K. An instrument for sharpening or smoothing objects.

L. Character in "The Taming of the Shrew."

M. Incombustible.

N. Trim; orderly.

O. The science treating of light in relation to vision.

P. Slightly swollen or inflated.

Q. Pathetic; moving.

R. Self-denial; severe training (from Greek).

S. Washington biographer (1759-1825).

T. A thin crisp bread wafer popular among North Africa tribes.

U. Author of famous Philippics.

V. A plant or row of plants trained flat on a trellis.

W. Made or become bankrupt (slang).

X. Complete in its own character.

Y. Bob Cratchitt's little son.

Z. Caviling; dissenting.

WORDS

165 74 9 27 46 105 52 37 2 95 80 23

1 177 180 12 7 90 56 158

148 182 144 91 49 8 163 73

99 132 86 5 138 36

129 185 60 72 25 18 101

28 167 149 20

116 29 19 82 43 124 55

81 32 130 47

117 16 161 136

63 162 53 104 50 112 93 78 33 140

51 114 126 75 150 24 100 58 38 189

59 187 67 42 119 34 175 15

110 41 181 92 6 179 11 186

102 94 128 62 154 88 98 159 79

160 113 21 35 125 68

71 143 17 44 131 120 178 157 107

188 156 118 14 4 169 97 77

89 146 152 69 61 66 174

54 108 85 134 122

135 176 168 145 76

123 183 57 115 31 3 48 151 70 96 139

133 173 84 141 65 153 137 45

64 26 109 87 121 190

147 164 127 172 10 106 39 83

103 22 170

13 184 30 155 171 40 166 111 142

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